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The Oranges Turned Black



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Chapter 1 by Luke Meyers

I was raised by my father, a migrant fruit picker. My favorite times were midsummer, when we'd go to the Paloma Valley in southern California to pick Valencia oranges. I loved to go out to the orchards with him, to hear him talk and sing while he picked. We weren't supposed to eat the fruit, but everyone pilfered their share and I was no exception. Right off the tree, they were sweeter than any candy, and I always had sticky fingers and a belly full of citrus by early afternoon.

As the years went on and I grew old enough to help with the harvest, the times also grew leaner. The crops weren't as robust, and many of the trees were suffering. "Huanglongbing," they called it -- a mouthful, but a real disease that threatened the entire variety. The trees would get sick, my dad said, and each year more of the fruit would be green, scrawny, and worthless. The first time I saw one of these oranges, sickly green and covered in brown spots, I felt sick to my stomach.

Chapter 2 by Sofia Hdz



i felt very very seek I felt I was already dead but it was the only fruit I could get.....

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